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Kiri Kelly

AMERICA'S NEW BONDAGE SWEETHEART



ADULTS ONLY

B&D PLEASURES



Kiri Kelly

AMERICA'S NEW BONDAGE SWEETHEART

LIMITED ISSUE #1

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"Bound and Gagged." Aaah.....The images it brings to ones mind. Bondage has meant many different things to me throughout my life. My first memories of bondage originated from a scene that I saw in an old classic movie. Unfortunately, I don't remember the name of it, for I was just a child at the time. All I remember was "the scene". A woman had her wrists tied above her and was being whipped on her back. This image was forever burned into my brain.

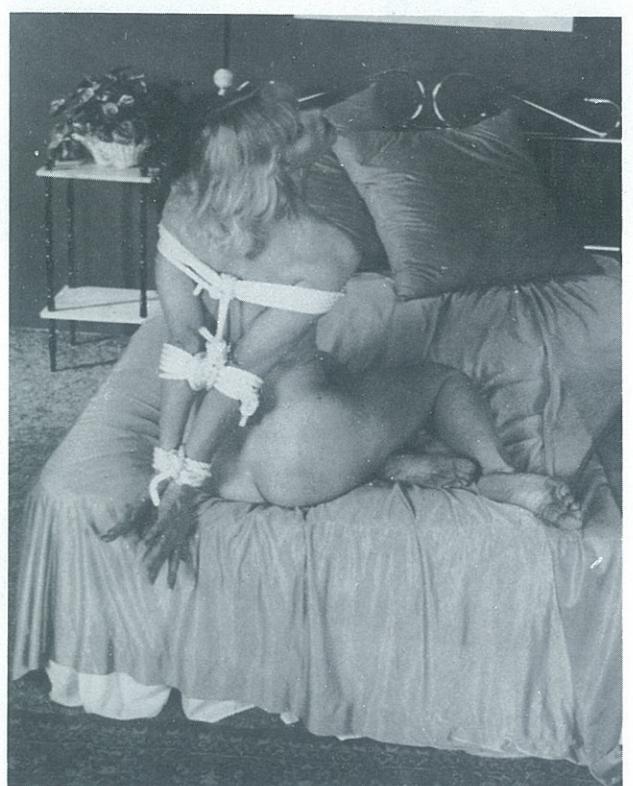
As a young girl, I would hang from my father's chin up bar, pretending that I was a captured spy, and was being held suspended by my wrists. I wondered what it would feel like to be whipped. I tried spanking myself, and found that I loved the sensation as well as the fantasies it spurred.

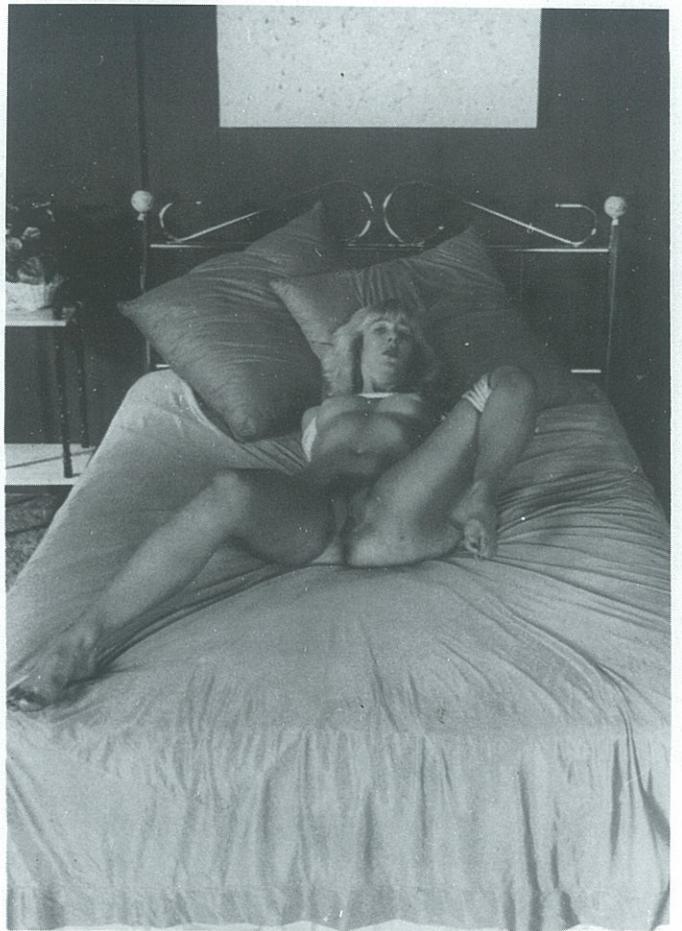
As I grew up, I read anything I could find that was sexy, but was especially entranced by any "B & D" oriented material. It served to inflame my passions about my fetishes even more, but, alas, I couldn't find a way to realize my fantasies. How I wished that I could write, direct, and star in my own movies. And now, it's my reality. Thanks to Jay Dee and dear friends like Bill Majors, I have had the chance to LIVE my ultimate fantasies! I would like to thank them for the experiences and opportunities that they have given me. I would also like to express my deepest thanks to you, fellow bondage lovers, for inspiring me to give you the best that I can. I hope you enjoy the visual fantasies we sought to create, and especially my "Innermost Fantasies" which I have recreated for you in this magazine.

Submissively yours,
Kiri Kelly



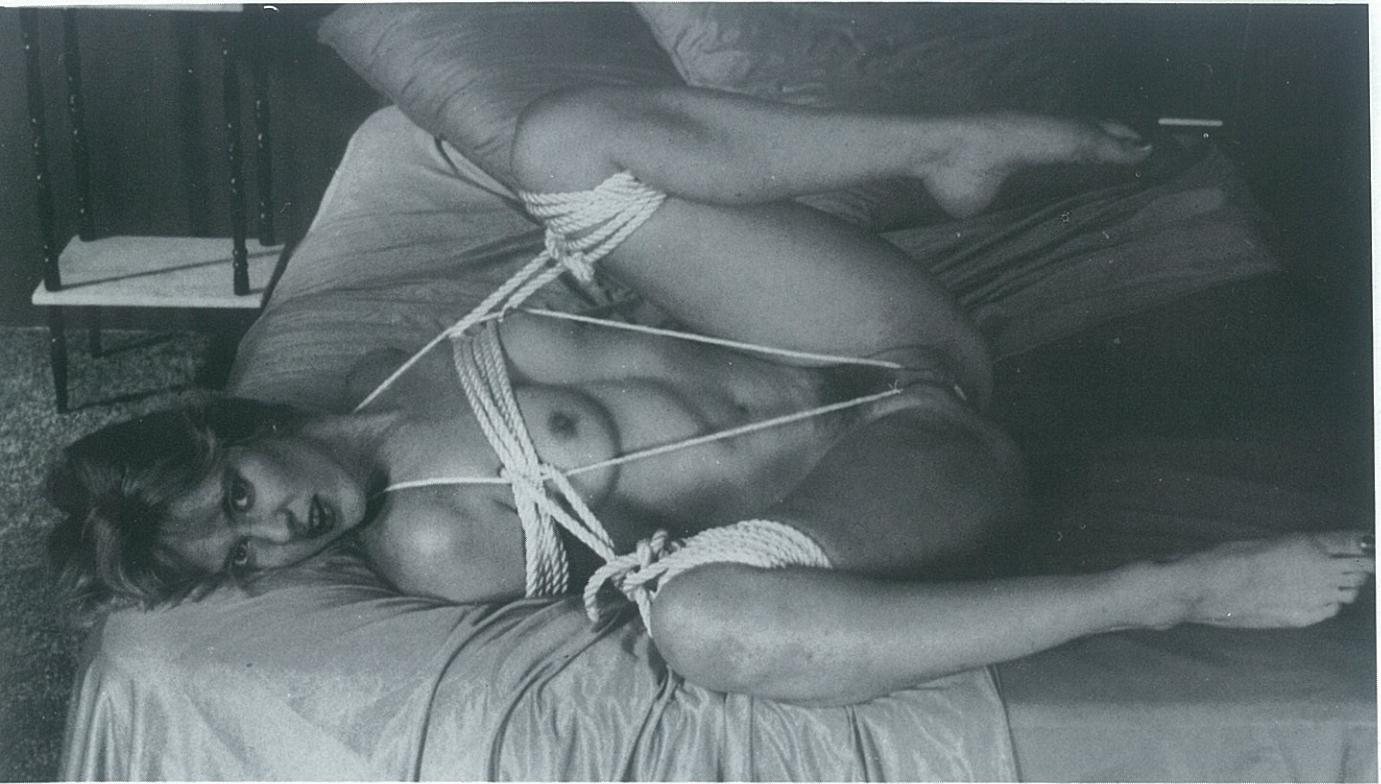
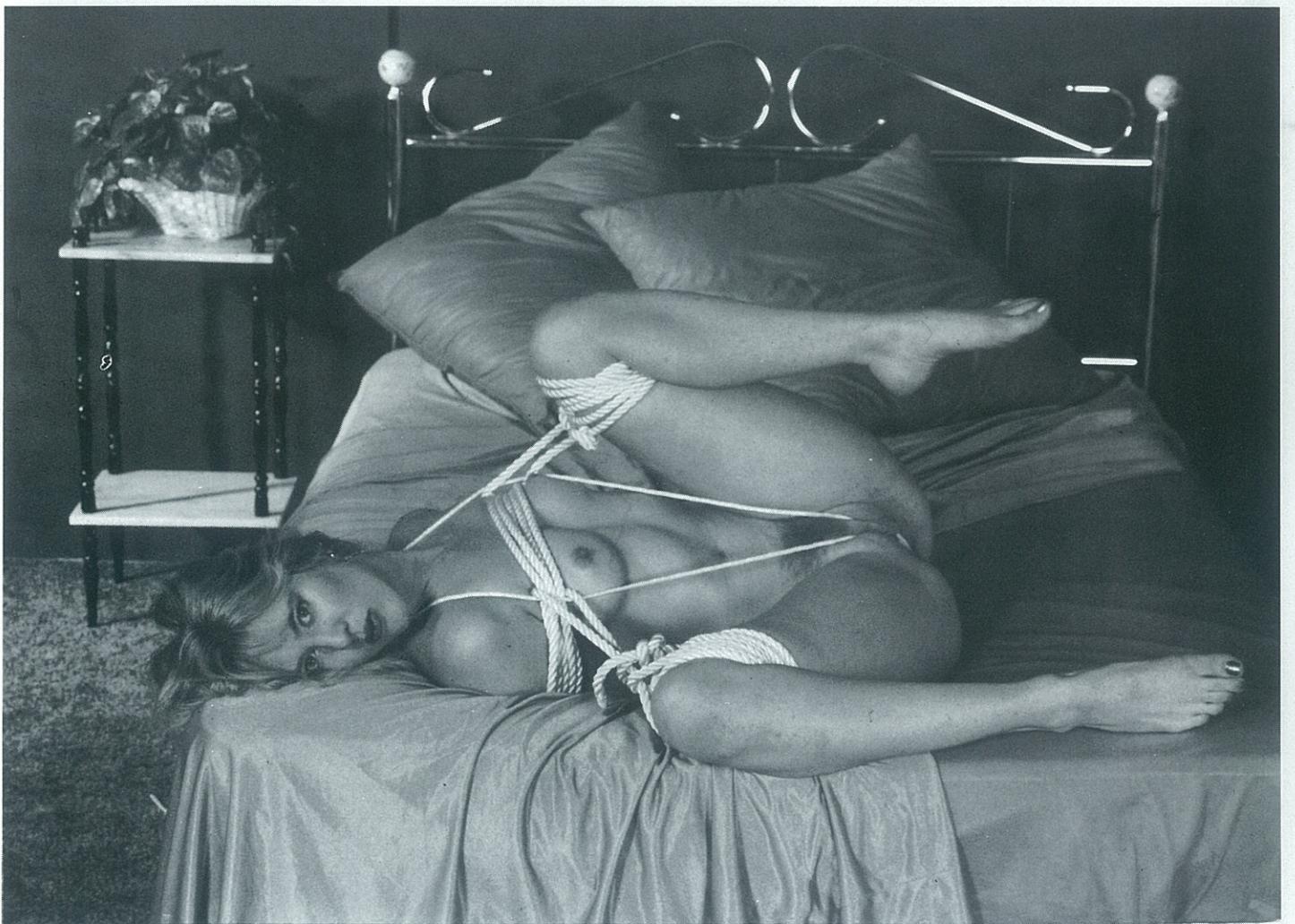
As Tight As You Like It







Over the years, I've been tied in more ways than I can remember, both on and off camera. While I always have my favorite positions, I'm constantly getting to try out new and even bizarre ways of being tied. Since I've been a bondage model, I've been put into some of the wildest poses imaginable.





I love the feel of the ropes, tightly bound against my skin. Binding someone securely and keeping it tight is not as easy as you might think.

Very few people know how to tie me in such a way that when I struggle the ropes won't come loose. The only way to keep me from escaping, is for the ropes to be cinched so tight that they bite into my flesh. I love it



when I know I can't free my bonds and am helpless to my Master's every whim.

Over the years I've built up a tolerance, and I'm now able to maintain the most strenuous positions for hours at a time and I love it! Through several of my bondage experiences, I have been able to get it, as tight as I like it.....



MY INTERMOST FANTASY

by Kru Kelly



They seemed to come from out of nowhere. A hand clamped down over my mouth. My arms were grabbed, restraining me. Before I could even get a glimpse of my captors, a blindfold came down over my eyes. I tried to scream, but my cries were muffled. The strong hand just pressed down even harder, painfully digging into my jaw. Another hand gripped a handful of hair. I struggled and kicked as hard as I could, but the harder I fought, the harder they held me. My arms were cruelly stretched out, as the unrelenting hand dug even deeper into my jawbone. In an effort to get them to relax their grip, I stopped struggling.

Thankfully, the pressure on my mouth and arms eased up. I was not released, though. My arms were brought around behind my back. I

couldn't tell at first what they were doing behind me, since I was blindfolded, but as my wrists were squeezed together by some sort of cord, it all became clear. They were tying me up! I instinctively fought to get away, but again, their grips tightened and the pain set in. I forced myself to be still. I had my first lesson in submission as I stood there passively while they tied my wrists together. I kept as still as possible, on the outside, that is. On the inside, I was coming apart. My mind was racing. Who were these people? How many were there? I figured that there must be at least three, since one person had a hold of my hair with his other hand over my mouth, and by the way that my arms were stretched, I guessed that there must have been one person on each arm. But it all became so vague without any vision. For all I know, there could have been a half a dozen. All I knew was that I was overpowered. I had no choice but to submit to them.

My heart froze at what came next. My ankles were held while someone else's hands reached under my skirt and swiftly pulled my panties down. Oh God! There didn't seem to be much doubt as to their intentions now. I was about to be raped!

The hand came away from my mouth. As I realized that I had the ability to scream now and opened my mouth to do so, something was stuffed into it. There was something strange about it that I couldn't seem to place.

Then it dawned on me. The taste! They had stuffed my mouth with my own panties! I felt so humiliated! I didn't have long to dwell on this, though.

My attention was captured by a strange ripping sound. Now what was that? I didn't have to wait to find out. A hand was pressed over my mouth, but when the hand pulled back, I couldn't open my lips. They had taped my mouth shut! A wave of helplessness washed over me. They could do anything they wanted to me.

I expected to be thrown down any second, to feel my legs drawn apart, but they surprised me. Instead I felt them tying my ankles together. Now how were they planning on raping me with my legs tied together? What's going on here? I was relieved, but at the same time confused. I stood there, bound hand

and foot and securely gagged. I heard only my heart pounding and my rapid breath as I waited, supported by one of my captors. Blindfolded, with my ankles tied together, I had lost my sense of equilibrium making me dependent upon my kidnapper to keep me from falling. I needed him. I prayed that he wouldn't leave me standing alone.

Finally, I heard a noise. I heard some shuffling noises from somewhere behind me. I started to turn around, nearly losing my balance in the process, and was, thankfully, held up by my abductor. The noise grew closer, and then I heard a thud, like something was dropped on the floor. My ears tuned in to catch any clue as to what was in store for me next. I heard metal clicking and a

subtle squeak like a hinge. I wondered what was making all these noises and what it meant to me, but I was distracted from this when I felt another hand grab one of my bound arms and the sleeve of my blouse being pulled up. There was a cold wet feeling at the inside of my elbow and then...Ouch! There was a sharp prick on the same spot. What had they done?

The man who held me picked me up and carried me a few feet. I was set down again and forced to kneel down. I sensed something around me and to my dismay, soon realized what it was. As I was pushed down even further, so that I was laying curled up on my side, I realized that I was being put into some kind of box. As I realized what my worst fear

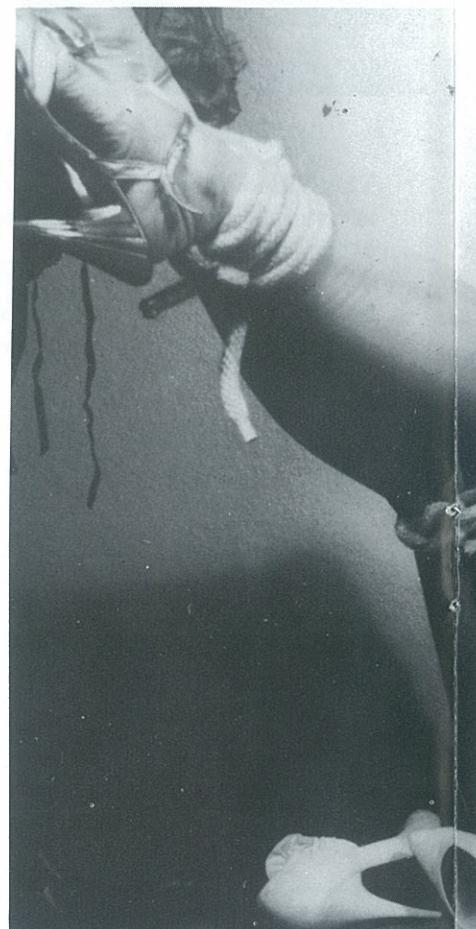
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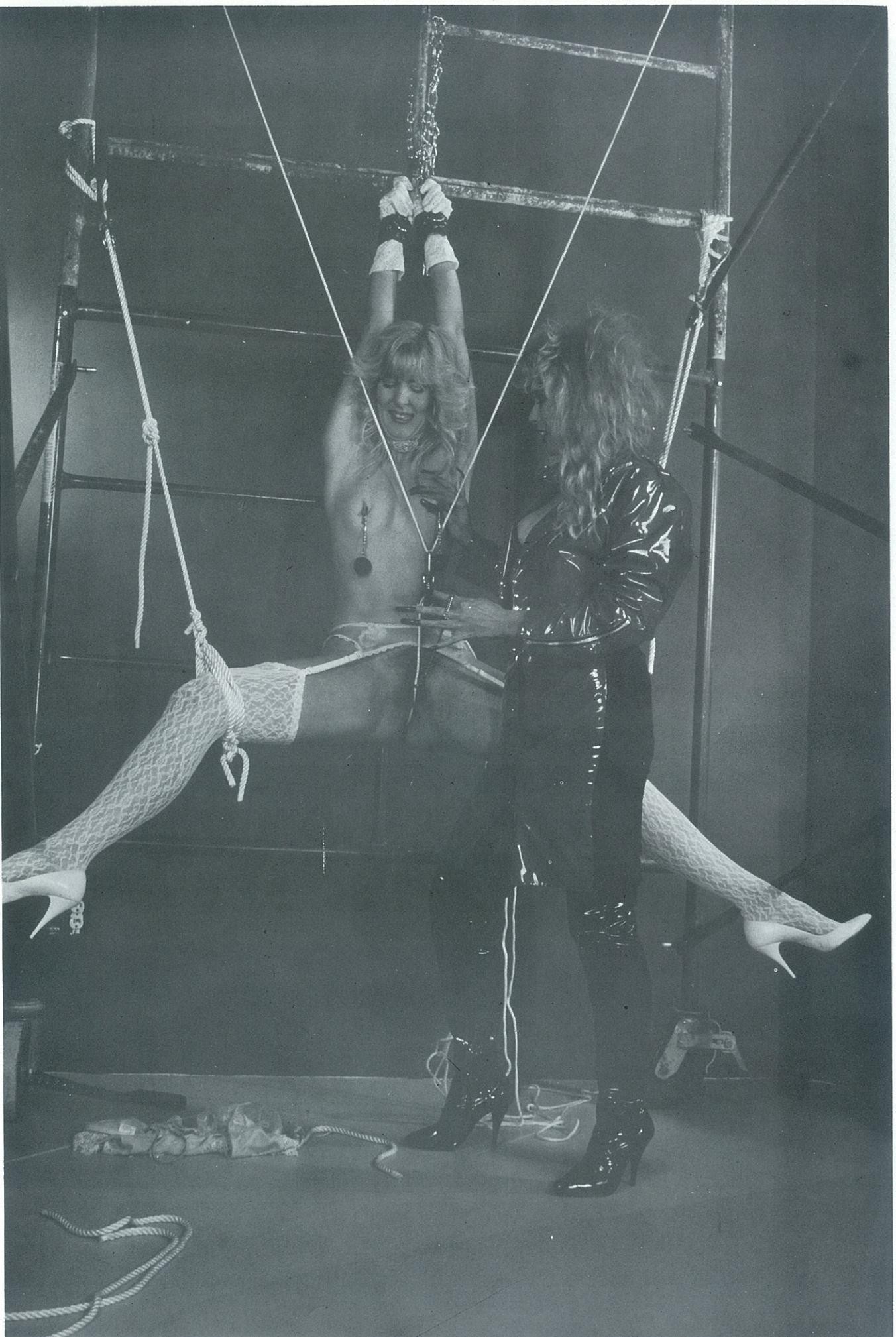


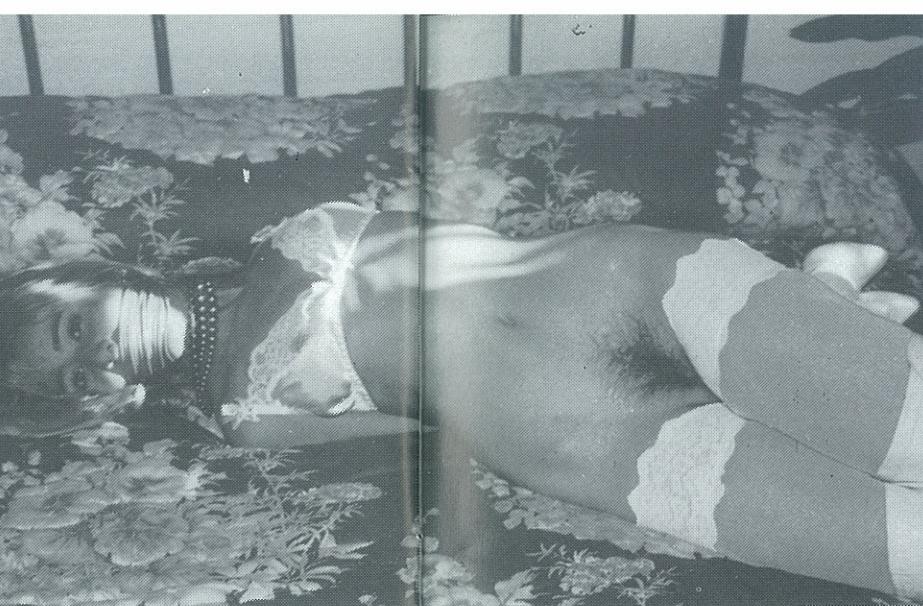




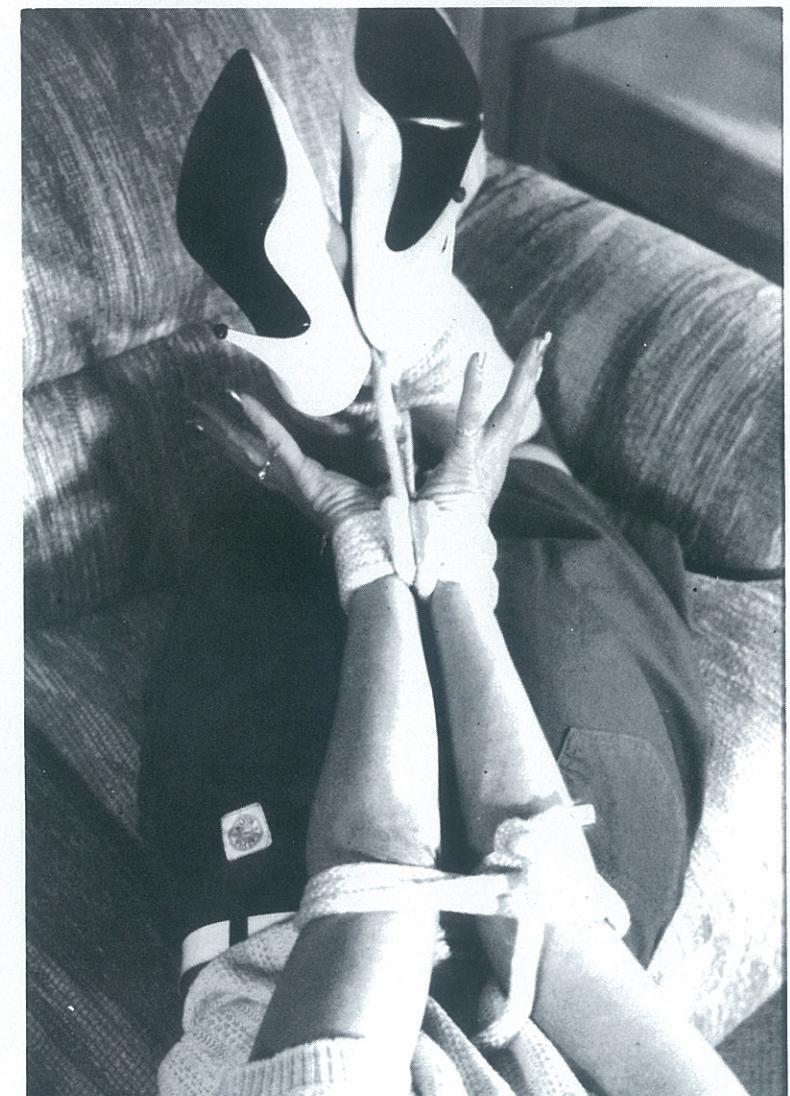
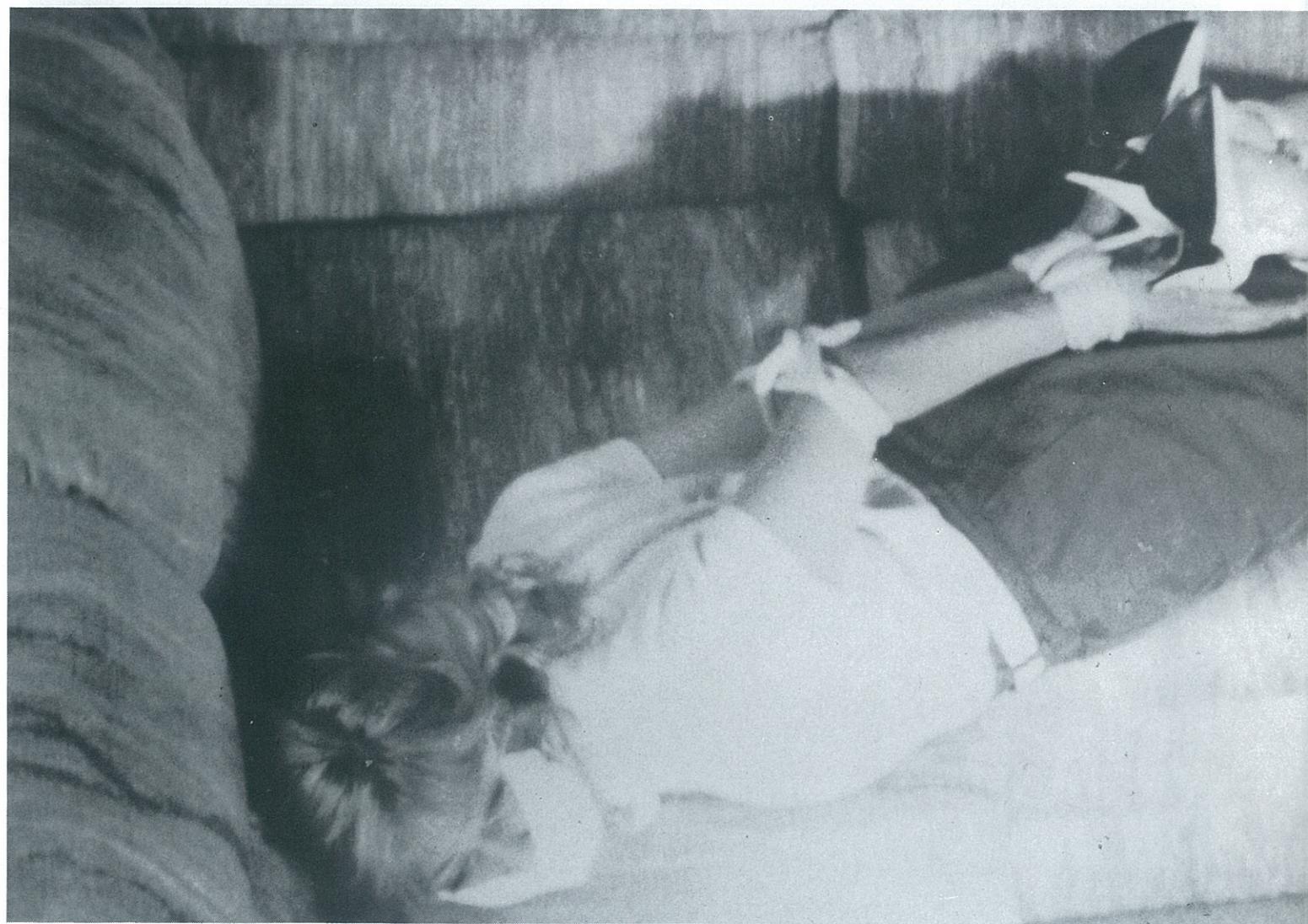
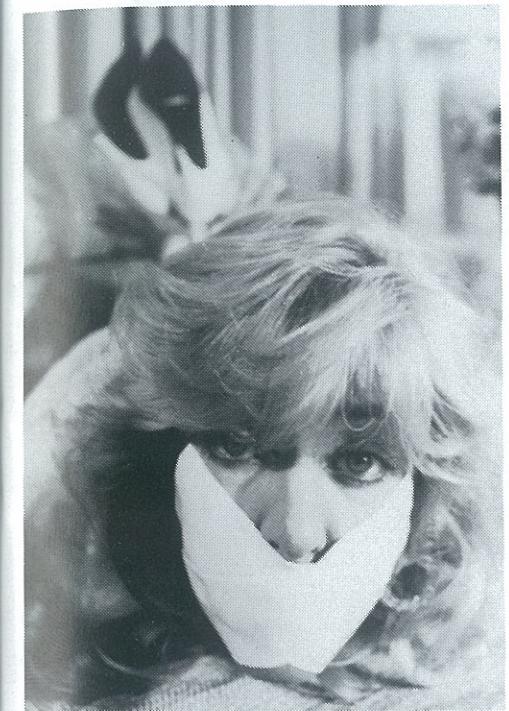
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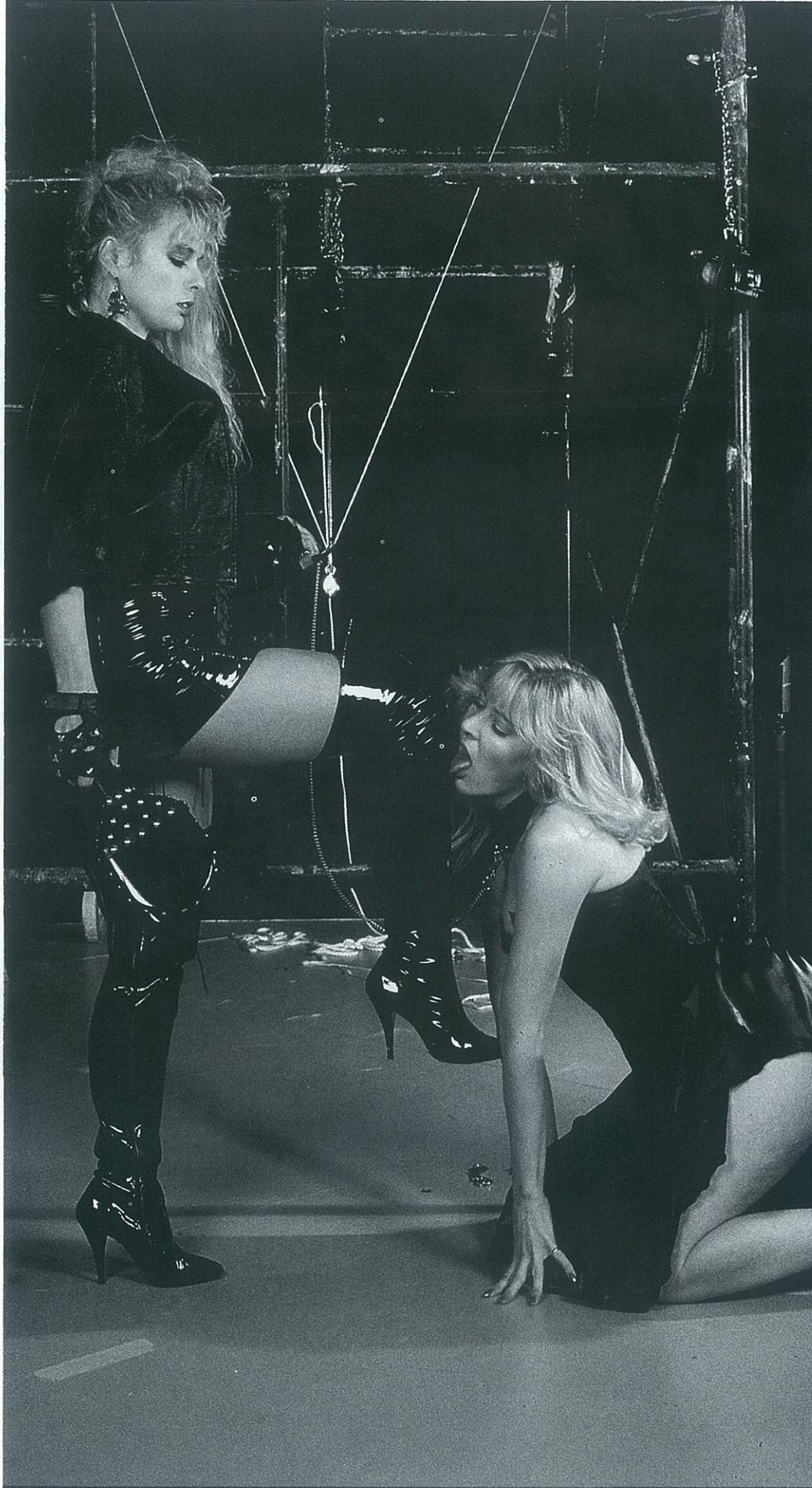








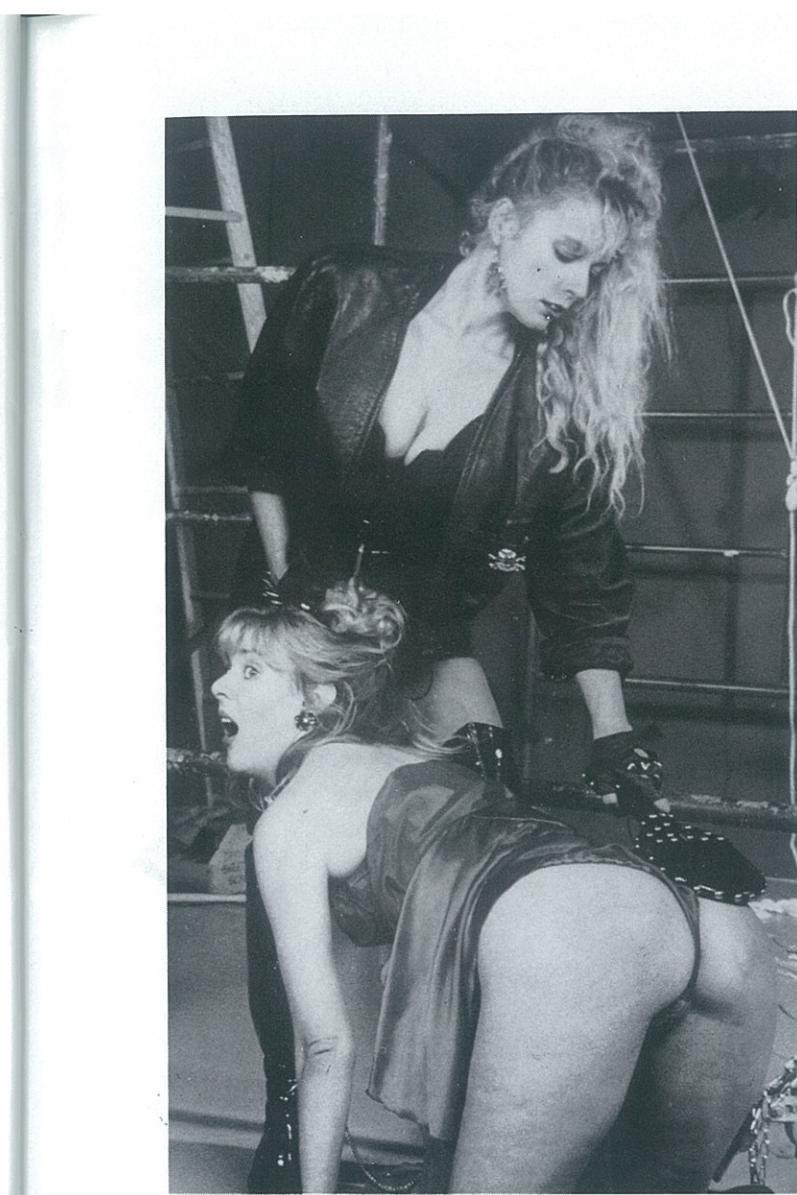
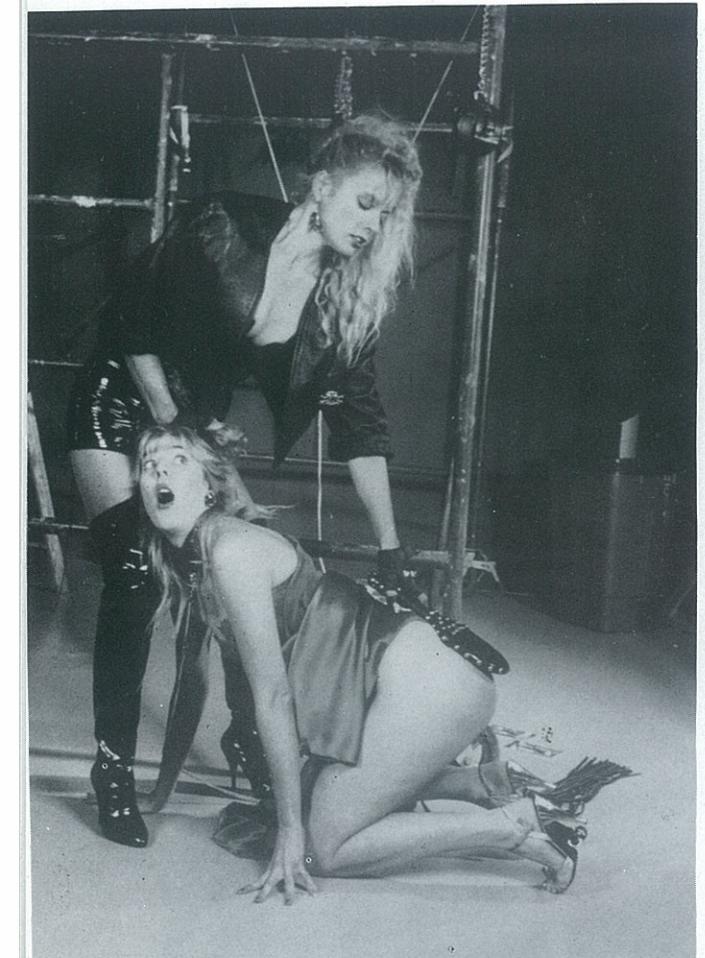
THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR



You could feel the heat rise the instant they met. The electricity between them was incredible. The temperature rose so high in the room, the photographer was just about forced to splash cold water on himself in order to be able to continue.

It all started as a routine shoot with Kiri Kelly.

We had met Sondra at a convention and decided to do a female dominant shoot. We weren't sure how they would react to each other, but with Kiri in it we were sure that we would get some exciting shots. To our surprise and delight, you could see something special starting to happen between them.



After a very short amount of time, they no longer needed us to instruct them which way to pose. They just started doing what came naturally for the camera. All our photographer had to do was sit and shoot. They acted as if they didn't realize anyone else was in the studio. They totally forgot that the camera was there.

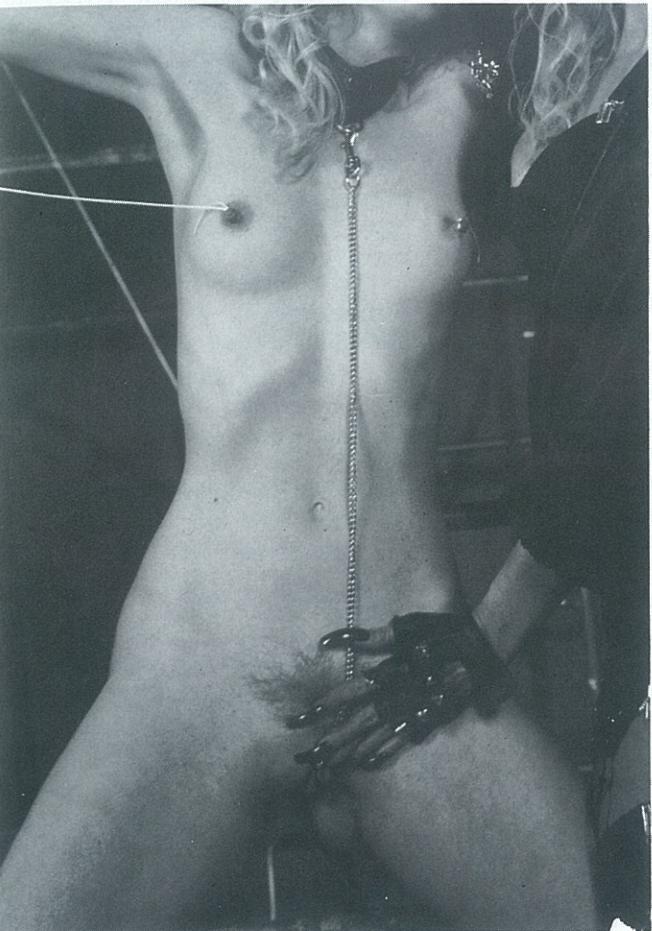
Mistress Sondra held her lovely bootclad leg to Kiri's waiting mouth. Kiri knew instinctively what to do, she had done it for Jay Dee many times before. She carefully and lovingly started licking the high spiked heel and then ran her tongue over the toe of her Mistress's shiny leather boot. Kiri loves licking boots and it showed by the way ran her long tongue over every inch of Sondra's boots. Kiri knows that a good pair of leather boots are made for....licking.....

The spanking sequence really turned up the heat, in more ways than one. Each time Mistress Sondra's hand struck Kiri's flesh, Kiri's body would jerk and her breathing would get heavier. You could tell that Kiri was really enjoying the experience, but, she wasn't the only one. When Sondra saw the delightful way Kiri reacted to her spanking, she started licking her lips. Both women were obviously having a wonderful time.

After Kiri was tightly bound to the metal frame, Mistress Sondra stripped her down, exposing her delightful soft white flesh. As the photographer continued to snap pictures, he noticed that Sondra's hand lingered in certain sensitive areas a little longer than necessary, but it made for some great expressions on both of their faces.

Sondra turned Kiri around so she could inspect her gorgeous bottom and made a comment about how it wasn't red enough. To remedy the situation, she grabbed a studded paddle from a box of equipment and started swinging on Kiri's bare bottom. For what seemed like a half an hour she paddled Kiri's rear end until it turned a bright, cherry red. Whether Kiri's moans during Mistress Sondra's skillful administrations were from passion or pain, we can't be certain. Finally Sondra's arm got tired and she decided to try a different approach. She gently caressed Kiri's glowing bottom, feeling the heat emanating from it, and said "Now that's more like it!"





I saw the flash of the whip, pain traveling across my thighs-an unavoidable scream escaped from my throat.

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would be, it happened. I sensed something closing in on top of me and then heard the clicking sound again, realizing that it was sealing my fate. "NO!" I screamed into my gag. Panic threatened to set in. I was bound and gagged and locked inside some kind of box. I struggled against my bonds, but felt my strength slowing slipping away. I was getting so sleepy! "Come on, girl! Stay awake!" I told myself. "You've got to get loose!" My mind kept telling my hands to struggle, to try to get to a knot, but they wouldn't move. They felt like they were made of lead. "Oh God! I've been drugged!" I knew what that sharp prick was now. Though it didn't seem to matter anymore....I just wanted to sleep....

...I just wanted to roll over, but I didn't want to wake up yet. It felt so good to sleep...I'll just keep my eyes shut and gently roll over, and maybe I'll just fall back into the dream I was having...My eyes snapped open as the realization struck me. I couldn't roll over! The ceiling was the first thing I saw. The second was the rope securing my ankles to each of the bedposts. I frantically looked around, discovering that each limb was also tied to each corner. My breath caught in my throat upon the last thing that I noticed...I was NAKED!

Instinctively, I tried to reach for something to cover myself with, but found it futile, with my arms pinned down as they were. I pulled against the ropes, but they only got tighter. I studied the ropes, looking for knots. Whoever did this knew what they were doing. The knots were well hidden behind the bedposts, well out of reach. Then it struck me - whoever did this saw me naked as well! My head swam with the other possibilities. Had they already raped me? My legs were spread wide to the corners of the bed. I was so exposed! They could have done anything they liked to me. My senses became alive throughout my loins. I searched for the familiar soreness and swelled feeling that I get after sex. I rested a little easier when I didn't find it. As

they wanted to speak. "Why don't you say something?" I demanded.

"Because they are well trained," came a man's voice from the doorway. Then he stepped into the room and into view. I was stunned by the vision in black before me. Standing in black leather boots, black leather pants, and a black silk shirt was a handsome older gentleman.

"Wh-what's going on here?" I stammered out, vainly trying to pull my knees together in a hopeless effort to hide my exposed private parts.

"You are not to speak unless asked a direct question. Do you understand?" He looked directly into my eyes, waiting for an answer.

"How can you expect me not to ask questions?" I defiantly retorted, boldly returning his stare. Too late I realized that all along he had been holding a cat-o-nine whip in his hand. As if in slow motion, I saw the flash



of the whip, pain traveling across my thighs-an unavoidable scream escaped from my throat. Pain, not words had been his reply and I quickly thought twice about opening my mouth again...

"That was not an answer to my question," he calmly said. "Now, do you understand?"

Still feeling the sting across my thigh, I quietly said "Yes," though I still let the anger show in my eyes.

"That will be 'Yes, Sir' or 'Yes, Master'." As he spoke, his green eyes regarded me with a cool intensity that sent a chill down my spine.

Softening my tone and look, I replied "Yes, Sir."

"That's better," he said, emphasizing his satisfaction with a gentle caress of his gloved hand down the center of my chest. I was keenly aware of how he could touch me anywhere he wished. My heart was fluttering as the leather covered finger traced its line down past my navel, inching its way toward my pubic hair. Just as I felt the first hairs being stroked, the hand pulled away. Though his touch was no longer there, I still felt a current of electricity running between my breasts and down my stomach, though it didn't stop where his finger did, but continued down to my clit.Flushed with embarrassment, my legs strained against the ropes which kept them spread apart.

So many thoughts tumbled through my head. I was struggling to hold on to some sense of reality. I still wondered who these people were. What did they want from me? What was to be my eventual fate? I wasn't able to find out for fear of the punishment if I spoke. Besides, I still was having a hard time keeping my mind on anything but my vulnerable, exposed body.

The man in black stood and walked to the foot of the bed to stand between the two lovely ladies. I wanted to speak, but couldn't. I wanted to cover myself, to hide my nudity from the three sets of eyes that were devouring my body, but the ropes which kept my arms and legs stretched to the corners prevented this.

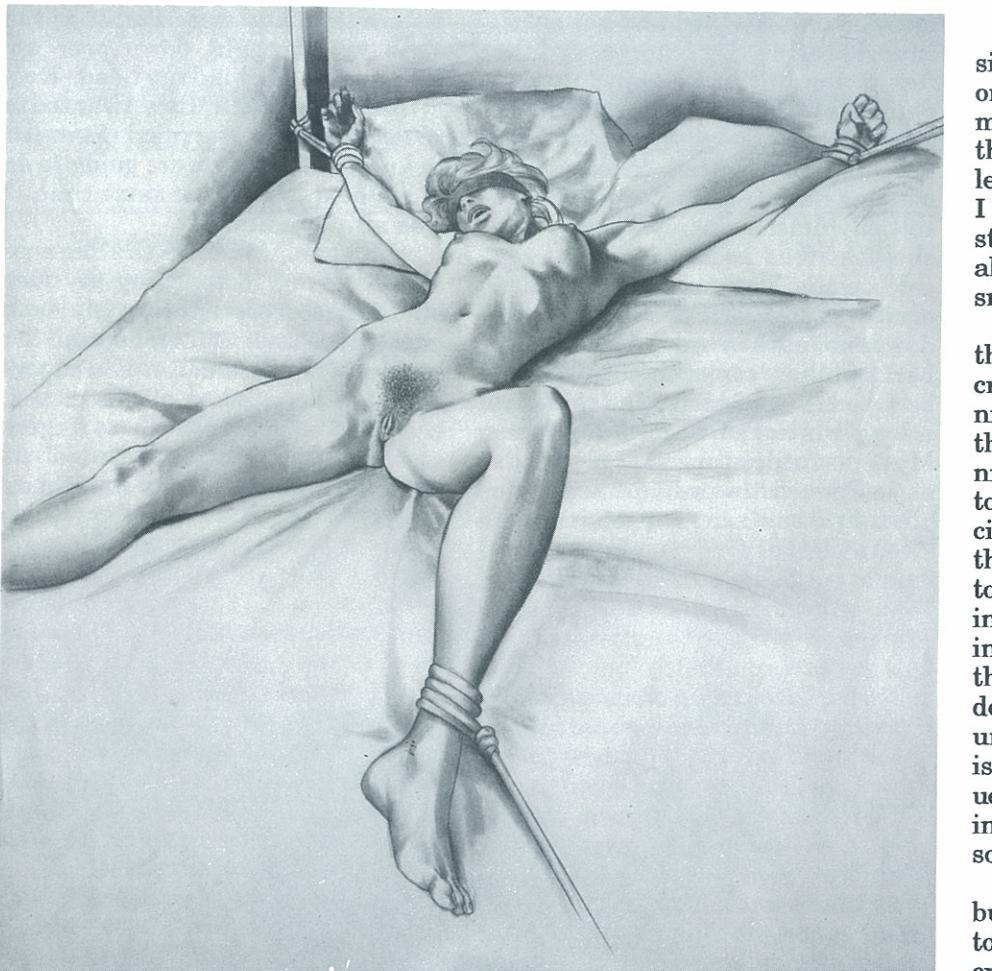
After what seemed like an eternity of being on display for my three exotic captors, the man in black grabbed each girl by the arm and gently shoved them towards the bed. They smiled at him, and walked

around to the sides of the bed. Each crawled onto the bed and sat on either side of me. He came toward the foot of the bed and began to crawl onto it himself. On hands and knees, he slowly crept over my bound body, dragging his leather covered legs over my naked skin as he did so. He settled himself on my chest. His shiny leather boots pressed at my sides. His leather pants brushed against my breasts. Setting the whip down, he reached around behind his back, pulling something out of his back pocket. Unfolding it, he stretched a long white cloth before my eyes. My arms futilely tugged at my bonds as he leaned towards me with the

cloth. The girls grabbed my head from either side and lifted it as the cloth was brought down over my eyes and tied behind my head. Everything went black. How I wanted to speak! But I was terrified. I wanted to know what they were going to do to me next, but at the same time...I was afraid to find out.

It began. Almost a tickling sensation. Fingers touching my face and hair so very lightly. My neck gently caressed. A finger traced the outline of my parted lips. His finger? He must have taken off his gloves, because I couldn't tell whose fingers were whose. My lips twitched - I wanted to scratch them,





but couldn't. Fingers were traveling up my arms, down my neck onto my chest. They slowly circled my breasts. My breath was coming so fast - I kept trying to slow it down - to control my body's reactions -- I couldn't give them the satisfaction -- I couldn't give in -- but it felt so delicious....

It stopped! The hands withdrew. I felt the leather slip over my body and off of me. Every nerve ending searched the darkness for sensation. I could still feel the tingling over my flesh where their fingers had touched me. Realizing that my body was unconsciously writhing, I willed it to stop moving.

Where were they? I listened, trying to pick up some clue. I sensed some sort of movement around the bed. I wondered where I would be touched next.

I gasped. As suddenly as the devilish fingers stopped, they started again. I felt something tickling each foot. My squirming legs strained against the ropes trying to escape the unrelenting fingers.

"Don't make a sound," he warned, "or you'll be gagged, then whipped." I fought to remain calm, but the tickling fingers were almost too much to bear. I was being tickled under my

side edges of my breasts. The fingers on my legs inched their way closer to my crotch. Teasingly, they also circled the "intended area." I pleaded silently in my mind, though for what, I couldn't decide. I wanted them to stop touching me, but shamefully, I also wanted those circles to get smaller.

Ever so slowly, they did. I felt the soft caresses around my breasts creeping in a spiral towards my nipples, taunting them just around the edges, without touching the nipples directly. They ached to be touched, sucked, pinched, but the circles continued. At the same time, the edges of my pussy lips were being tormented. The fire that was ignited in me needed to be quenched. Nothing else mattered. It didn't matter that I was a prisoner. I had surrendered to my passions. Wantonly, I undulated my hips, begging for satisfaction. ...but the teasing continued. My nipples and clit were screaming to be caressed. They would come so close...

My desire continued to build and build. Finally, helplessly lost in a torrent of uncontrollable passion, I cried out "Please!" But the torment continued.

"You spoke. You will have to be whipped for that," his velvety smooth voice stated.

The image of my naked, bound body squirming under the stinging kisses of the cat-o-nine flashed through my mind. It only served to enflame me more. All I could utter was another "Please!"

"You will submit to your punishment?" he asked.

"Yes...Master" I whispered. I knew inside that I was submitting too much, much more. I had never known such delicious sensations before. A new world of passion had opened up for me. I knew I could never go back. I would submit to the whip. I would submit to any sensation they chose to give me. I belonged to the passion. I belonged to them.

My mouth was stuffed with a wad of leather. His glove, I surmised. I sucked on the leather and moaned into it as the teasing fingers circled in on their "targets." Exploding into ecstasy, I began my new life of submission.



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